

While (a hundred thousand strikers are staging their protest in Detroit, against any eviction of the sit-downers there are significant angles to the meeting between Walter Chrysler and John Lewis. Governor Murphy has arranged for them to meet tomorrow. Word came this afternoon that Chrysler accepts.

Lewis' reply to Governor Murphy's telegram took a dramatic form. "Your message," he wired, "suggests that I confer under duress. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, I agree to be present." "Under Duress," that's the interesting phrase, meaning force, coercion.

The Governor sent identical telegrams to Chrysler and Lewis, in which he referred to the court order, commanding the sit-down strikers to vacate the plants. He said in his wire that he respected the rights of the workers, but added, the state government cannot shirk its duty in upholding the law and protecting property. The telegraphed invitation quite a long one, continued like this: "In view of the desirability of ascertaining whether adjustment is possible before taking

extreme and costly measures, with possible unfortunate consequences, I am requesting that you confer....." That's the invitation to the conference. It clearly suggest the Chrysler Lewis meeting as a last step before the possible eviction of the sit-downers by force. So we can see why John Lewis says he's entering the peace talk unde~~r~~ duress.

Another angles is this. The Govenor's telegram does not call the motor and Union chiefs together in Detroit, where the sit-down strikes are on - but in Lansing, the state capital. Lewis is named a defendant in the courtorder directed against the sit-downers. So there in Detroit he might be arrested - and it certainly would be awkward when the big two-man conference is on, to have one of the two locked up. Moreover, Gove nor Murphy assures the C.I.O. chief that there'll be no attempt to enforce the court order against him, nobody slapping a hand on his burly shoulder, saying "You're under arrest," not in Lansing.

So they'll meet tomorrow, Walter Chrysler and John Lewis,  
~~with the Governor's telegram suggesting this conference as a last~~  
~~minute chance to avert violence and battle against the sit-downers~~  
~~in Detroit.~~ The last time John Lewis sat in such a conference  
was in the General Motors peace parley, or rather - he lay in bed,  
ill. At that time things worked out well - peace. May it be  
the same this time - tomorrow!

ROBBER

Today, in Chicago, there ~~was~~<sup>was</sup> identification of a body.

A woman said, "Yes, that is the man who kidnapped me ~~and said~~<sup>and told me</sup>

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he was a killer." Another ~~and~~<sup>woman,</sup> and then another, identified the

man as having robbed them. A ten year old girl, daughter of a

Chicago policeman, said, "Yes, that is the man who killed my

mother." So today it became definite that Chicago was rid of

the rampaging criminal who specialized in robbing women. They

called him - "the ~~masked~~<sup>masked</sup> terror." He was wiped out last night

by bullets from the dark.

The masked terror, an ex-convict, recently out of  
prison, created a ~~panic~~<sup>Chicago</sup> for ten days. No one knew where he

would strike next. Fear rose highest when he shot and killed

a policeman's wife. The cops swore vengeance, ~~when he shot and~~

~~killed a policeman's wife~~ They vowed they'd get the ~~masked~~<sup>masked</sup> ~~killer~~<sup>master</sup>

killer, - and in darkness, early this morning, they did -

bullets out of the dark.

They set a trap, the simplest imaginable. Two

detectives drove their car to the section where the masked

terror had been making his attacks. They parked the car at the

side of the street, and turned out their lights. Anybody passing would have seen just two vague figures in the dark car, a couple of nocturnal spooners most likely. The detectives waited hour after hour, pistol in hand.

Then came the break. A man walked swiftly up, threw open the door of the car, pointed a pistol and said - "this is a stick-up." A blaze of <sup>shots</sup> ~~pistols~~ crashed in his face, and he <sup>fell.</sup> ~~fell.~~ ~~The masked terror was no more.~~ Chicago was rid of its Masked Terror.

## COURT

We haven't been hearing much about the Brain Trust for a long time now. The attacks against the professors have been silent for a couple of years. The Brain Trust with all its cogitation and celebration of the early New Deal era, faded out of the Washington scene. The professors went back to their classrooms. And today we have a complete reversal of the picture. Because today Professor Moley, the original Brain Trustee gave the Senate Judiciary Committee his opinion about the proposed enlargement of the Supreme Court -- and attacked the President's plan.

He told the Judiciary Committee that the project to increase the number of justices would undermine the Court, would diminish its authority and prestige. That he declared would weaken the American institutions, would threaten the American democratic system with atrophy and death -- a danger to our American kind of government.

On the face of it -- this sounds like a straight out attack by the Professor against his old chief, the President. But it wasn't that simple. Professor Moley appeared before

the Judiciary Committee as an advocate of Roosevelt ideas and objectives. He merely thought the President's Court Plan was not an effective way of doing the things the President wants to do.

His testimony was another example of how the Court Plan is getting it from both sides -- from the conservatives who want things to remain as they are and from the liberals who want reform.

When you turn thumbs down on an idea, you are supposed to suggest something of your own, an alternative, a substitute -- that's supposed to be the constructive way. What alternative substitute did the professor offer? Something familiar -- constitutional amendment. What kind of amendment? Moley mentioned four that have already been suggested to Congress. The Borah amendment to alter the due process clause, which is something complicated. Second to extend the Interstate Commerce Clause, which is also complicated. Third to abolish those 5 to 4 decisions and make the Court decide by larger majorities. Fourth, to establish a straight out age limit for the Supreme

Justices. Which of these proposed amendments would do the  
trick? None of them, said the professor, you need all four.  
So his four-fold solution was amend, amend, amend, and amend.  
Seems like a lot of mending as the old sock said.



## MUSSOLINI

Eighteen years ago today, the Black Shirts marched on Rome, and Mussolini became the master of Italy. Every year they commemorate this day of March Twenty-Third, as the birthday of Fascism. Last year the celebration bristled with defiance, ~~Mussolini making one of his big speeches.~~ The Italians were driving to their military triumph in Ethiopia. The sanctions imposed on Italy by the League of Nations were threatening an international outbreak. Mussolini made one of his big speeches, defying the League, renouncing the sanctions - challenging Great Britain.

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Today - what was heard in Rome? More defiance, another challenge to ~~Ex~~ Great Britain! The Ethiopian affair is done with, with London accepting the accomplished fact. For a while relations between Italy and Britain eased off into friendliness, but now they've grown bitter again. Once more - because of Ethiopia. This follows the bomb throwing at Viceroy Graziani and the harsh retaliation exacted by the Italians. In the British press and from British platforms those harsh measures

have been scathingly denounced. This has aroused anger in Italy. So today, on the Eighteenth Birthday of Fascism, we find Mussolini in his big speech once again shooting shafts at England. He called the British attacks hypocritical and hysterical. Referring to the great Italian defeat in Ethiopia, at Adowa, at the end of the last century, he shouted: "We waited forty years to avenge Adowa, but we managed to do it!" That has a perilous ring, talking vengeance, or as the Italians say - vendetta.

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While Mussolini was saying things in Rome, his Ambassador Grandi was saying things in London. Grandi ~~rejected~~ <sup>rejected</sup> outright ~~to~~ the suggestion that the Italian troops in Spain be taken out. He told the Non-Intervention Committee that not one Italian would be withdrawn until the ~~is~~ civil war had been fought to its conclusion. Anything else could hardly be expected. With Left ~~Wing~~ reports of ~~an~~ Italian defeat on the Madrid front - Mussolini could hardly consider the mention of ~~pulling out of~~ <sup>pulling out of</sup> ~~taking his men~~

~~out,~~ <sup>Spain.</sup> So Grandi gave a flat rejection, to which Lord Plymouth, the Non-Intervention ~~Chairman~~ Committee Chairman said: "This is extremely serious."

DIVER

Ray Woods was a dare-devil, but he isn't any more. The doctors say that Ray will never defy death again. He's injured, permanently disabled in his trade of risking his neck. The dare-devil was afraid of only one thing - the wind. Not the wild blast of typhoon or hurricane, but a mere ordinary blustering breeze, such as would be brisk and refreshing to most of us. Ray said the wind was his enemy, and some day would bring him to his death.

For Ray Woods was a high diver, whose specialty it was to dive off high bridges. He explained that the art of bridge diving was to keep in control on the way down, so as to hit the water in the right way. But a gust of wind <sup>might</sup> ~~may~~ throw him out of control, and he'd hit the water in the wrong way. That was the danger. So Ray Woods, the dare-devil, was afraid of nothing - but the wind.

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~~He was a~~ <sup>his</sup> bridge ~~dive~~ <sup>diving simply boosted his fame</sup> ~~to boost his gain~~ <sup>as</sup> a high diver at carnivals and swimming resorts. The publicity he got plunging off bridges increased his professional earnings.

His fame began eight or nine years ago, when he emulated Steve Brody and took a header off the Brooklyn Bridge. He had to do

it twice. The first time nobody much was there, so he jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge merely for the benefit of a few truckmen and taxi drivers who happened to be around. He did it all over again a week later for the newspaper and newsreel cameramen. Both times - the wind was okay on the East River.

Thereafter, Ray Woods did his bridge diving all over the country, with much acclaim, much publicity. Today he came to a climax of his dizzy art. <sup>TP</sup> At San Francisco - the mighty Oakland Bridge across San Francisco Bay. That seventy-five million dollar span, recently opened, ~~is~~ the newest glory ~~in the form~~ of bridges. Ray figure<sup>d</sup> its renown would be not quite complete, unless he took a dare-devil dive from its highest span - a hundred and eighty-nine feet high - a dive into San Francisco Bay. So today a car drove out to the middle of the bridge. And quickly - out stepped Ray Woods in <sup>a</sup> bathing suit and football helmet. He had to avoid the interference of police and state troopers - because that kind of bridge-diving is forbidden. Quickly, he climbed over the guard rail, stood for an instant on the brink, and then he took a ~~back~~ dive.

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Down he went, his body arching. That was his technique of bridge-diving. But he arched too much, as he explained afterward - a technical mistake. Then - the wind.

A gust hit him, some lively burst of ocean breeze through the Golden Gate. It twisted him in the air, threw him out of control. Such was the calamity, too much arch and the wind.

At the end of the hundred and eighty-nien foot drop, Woods was out of control, his body still arched - when he hit the water. When they fished him out they found he had a broken back -- the end to his career as a high - diving bridge diver. Lying in a hospital today, the dare-devil admitted that his old enemy, the wind, finally got him.

## FIGHT

In the realm of sports, the news tonight is - lost, strayed or stolen, a heavyweight champion! Among the missing - James J. Braddock, wearer of the world's boxing crown. Where or where can Jimmy be, that's the refrain being sung - by process servers. They're trying to get Jersey James into court, so as to make him get into the ring. - with Max Schmeling. The champ is under contract with Madison Square Garden to fight Max in New York on June Third. But since then he has made another contract to fight Joe Louis in Chicago on June Twenty-Third. Jim, ducking Max. Today it has reached the legal stage, with Madison Square Garden suing to force the champ to fight the German on June Third.

Jim, the champ, has been sojourning in Miami. So there the process servers looked for him at the tropical race track, but Braddock had just left. They tried a few other resorts,

with the boss heavyweight always a jump ahead of them.

~~They~~ There are all sorts of rumors about the whereabouts of the puncher from Jersey. Some say he's on his way to Chicago. Others believe he is speeding to New York, where he'll try to straighten out the legal difficulties with the Garden. Anyway, Jim is on his way - with the process servers vainly pursuing him.

To complicate matters further, Max is also on his way. Schmeling is going back to Germany. He sails tomorrow. And He's taking home a three<sup>e</sup> hundred and fifty thousand dollar offer, the same that he brought over with him - ~~three hundred and fifty thousand~~ <sup>an</sup> offer to champion Braddock to fight Max in Berlin. The proposition is in just as good condition as when it arrived here - hasn't been touched. Max says Jim wasn't interested in that big hunk of money - he prefers Joe Louis, and the prospective gate in Chicago.

Schmeling departs from our shores with the following statement: "I'm under contract to fight for the world's championship against Braddock on June Third," says he.

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GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

In the middle of the afternoon came a cheerful report, "The strike is settled." That's what a congressman arose to announce in the House of Representatives. Congressman Rabaut of Michigan. He got the information, he said, from financial circles.

But alas, it wasn't true! A telephone message to Michigan's Governor Murphy at Lansing brought a prompt denial.

Maybe it would be kinder to say that it was premature, for the other information from Lansing is encouraging. In Governor Murphy's office, John L. Lewis, Number One Man of the C.I.O. and Walter Chrysler, Chairman of the Board of his own company, sat at a table and started to talk in earnest, maybe to arrive at a compromise of the quarrel between the sit-down strikers and the Chrysler company. For seventeen days now this deadlock has continued.

The reporters tell us that John Lewis looks tired.

It seems definite now that if Murphy, Lewis and Chrysler can't iron it out before Saturday, the President of the



# RETAKE

"Now it's up to Madison Square Garden to produce Braddock."

The Garden is trying to produce him, with the process servers running around, waving their summonses.

Braddock may prefer to battle it out with Louis, on the principle - that Schmeling whipped Louis, and it's better to fight <sup>the</sup> ~~to~~ vanquished than the victor. Or, it may be just the profit motive, the Louis fight promising a bigger gate than <sup>a go with</sup> ~~the~~ Schmeling. <sup>(Also he</sup> ~~fight. He~~ may figure the cards would be stacked against him in a scrap in Germany.) It may be almost anything, with ~~an~~ accent on "may". And now <sup>may I</sup> ~~say~~ say -

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

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